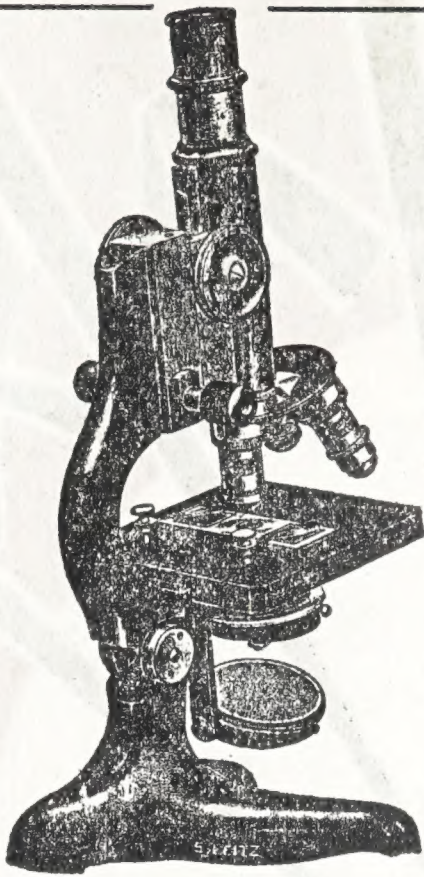


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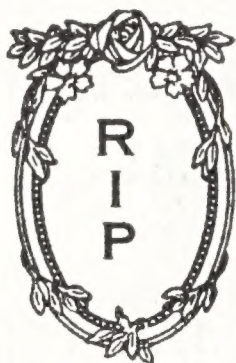
THE PHOTOGRAPHS
OF THE MEDICAL
GROUPS FOR
1922, 1923 and 1924
WERE MADE BY
FREDERICK WILLIAM
LYONDE
AND HIS SONS
167 YONGE STREET
PHOTOGRAPHERS OF
FAMOUS MEN
TELEPHONE MAIN 1094

ALL SEVEN (7) OF THEM

Hoo-Ray! Hoo-Ray!

= **Obituary** =

DIED.—At their residences, since the inauguration of the Students' check-room in the T.G.H., from voluntary starvation, twenty-seven men. - -



Students who have lost overcoats are requested not to throw bricks or other tokens of esteem.

Undergraduate Hospital

Medical Division

Name—MEDICAL SOCIETY	History Number Only—13
Ward—CONVOCATION	Address—FACULTY OF MEDICINE
Sex—DENIED	Diagnosis— EPISTAXIS
Age—29 yrs.	Result—STILL GOING STRONG
Occupation—STUDENT INTERESTS	
Complication Result—DAFFYDIL NIGHT	
Birthplace—U. of T.	Admitted—Certainly, Jan. 9, 1895
	Discharged—Feb. 7 and 8, 1924
History of Former Admission—Yearly Nasal Hemorrhages	
Date—1912—onward	Physician or Surgeon—No Inclusive Record
Division—Medical Division	Diagnosis—As above
History taken by—S. L. BIEHN, Editor-in-Chief	
J. R. MCGILLIVRAY, Managing Editor	
H. E. WELSH, 2T4	D. E. CANNELL, 2T7
J. E. WALKER, 2T5	E. A. MOORE, 2T8
W. G. BRIGHT, 2T6	A. H. WALKER, 2T9
Other Contributors—"B.," R.A.G. (2T4), G.E.S., CASEY, J.W., T.W.K.H., C.E.S.R., S.S. (2T6), ELL. MOULAND, Anonymous and others.	
Particular care is requested to see that Patient's name is spelled correctly. Diagnosis, Complication and result, with History of previous admission to be filled in by Editors.	

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

Preface

GENTLE READER:

THE designation "gentle" is used above with the full hope that you, as you peruse the contents of this hardy annual with the critical mind that should characterize a follower of science, in any stage of development, will realize that it embodies the prayers of the Editors.

EPISTAXIS, in this issue, as in those of previous years, has a manifold mission, the major features being, firstly, to serve, in conjunction with the entertainers of the evening, as a medium which provides a logical reason for the total abandonment of all your cares and worries, absolute or concrete, past, present, or future, and secondly, to promote the feeling of good fellowship between student and student, student and staff, and in fact all who are sufficiently interested in us—either through medical tendencies, or for reasons as yet unknown, to support us in any manner whatsoever. Other aims, objects, designs, motives and purposes for our being exist in numbers, which make their enumeration here an impossibility, but should you, who receive mention to-night in this journal, or in the course of the Daffydil programme, feel that you have been dealt with harshly or disagreeably—bear with us, and accept our assurances that such was not the intention, and we extend our sincerest apologies with the hope that after the contusion resolves the funny bone will recover.

It is but just to ask you here to remember in future those who, by purchase of advertising space on the following pages, help make this periodical an economic possibility.

The high standard set in previous years makes the publication of this issue of EPISTAXIS a weighty task, the material reward for our labours is a perfect example of nihility, but if we succeed in providing sufficient stimulus for even the slightest contractions of any, either, or all the muscles with which you are accustomed to express feelings of mirth or joy, or if we are able to cause an increase of one small candle power in the radiance of your eyes, we shall feel that we have been duly rewarded in no mean manner.

By this time you have been compelled to forfeit all claim to, or interest in, some portion of your financial holdings and are now faced with the duty of collecting, in the short space of one evening, pleasure in commensurate quantities. We are therefore pleased to urge, to press, to push, to drive, incite or impel you, to reach out and avail yourself of any and all opportunities for joyousness and jollity, mirth and merriment, glee, gladness or laughter. If you see fit to laugh out loud—just help yourself. From now on, to use a relic of obliterated parlance, "it's on the house."

THE EDITORS,

1924.

Dedication

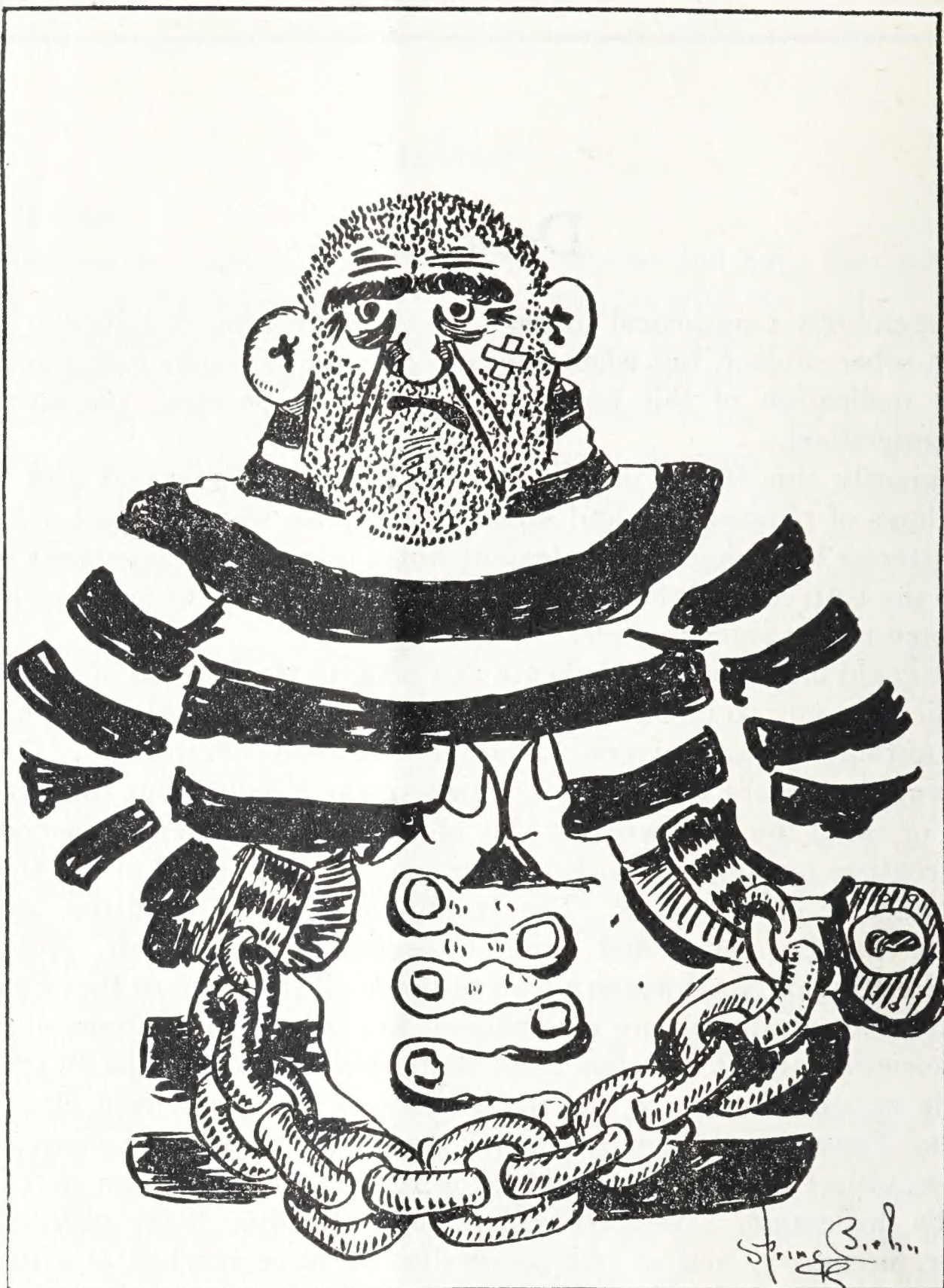
IT is seemingly paradoxical to say that the dedication of a jocular journal is a sober subject, but when one considers the fearsome forces governing the dedication of this issue of EPISTAXIS in peculiar, the paradox is easily understood.

Primarily this is the thirteenth (13th) issue of EPISTAXIS and despite the findings of philosopher, and scientist, the Irish win. Lady Luck has in this matter at least deserted us, leaving not a trace, her whereabouts hidden, even to the University police and the girlish gossip of the women's residences.

Listen to our tearsome tale.

We could affectionately dedicate this book to the Council of the Faculty of Medicine—only to be outdone—in numbers and in affection and humility by the authors of the University journals—entitled “Petitions”. Our next considerations are the individual members of the Faculty, but rumour has it that on or about the third week in May of this year to them shall be dedicated many treatises on subjects ranging from page 43 to page 76 of the Calendar of the Faculty of Medicine. The Insulin Research Committee, after the action of the Provincial and Federal Governments, and Mr. Nobel, the Dynamite King of Northwestern Europe, have all the burdens they can bear. Our illustrious graduates are disqualified, for, by the intimations of certain uplift societies, the O.T.A. has been dedicated to them at \$2.00 per copy. There is no question as to the ineligibility of the graduating class. The Memorial Tower is for them, and as for the remaining undergraduates we, as members, object to any thought of being the parties of the first part in this Journal's dedication. We have had enough already. Some dedication is, however, necessary, and in our perplexity we have reached this decision. To solve the difficulty presented above, and to prevent any charges of maladministration of public funds (you paid 15 cents a copy) we “pass the buck” to you. Dedicate this EPISTAXIS to whom you wish benignly or malignantly where, when and how you like. Read it, burn it, wrap laundry, flower pots, putty or gall stones in it. Shine shoes, stoves, head mirrors or gold teeth with it. Send it home to father, or ashman, wife, sweetheart or dog, your friends, enemies, the Board of Trade or the Saturday night beer club. Use it for scratch paper, curl paper, wall paper, or cigarette paper. You bought it—it's yours. The editorial board relinquishes all claims.

NEW PROFESSOR IN PHYSICS



Killkops Wartaxonacheck

It is with great pleasure that we are able to confirm the rumour of the appointment of Mr. Killkops Wartaxonacheck to the Chair in Electricity in Sing-Sing, U.S.A. Mr. Wartaxonacheck, sometime student at the Moler Barber College (free shave and hair cut), is the recipient of many degrees in various centres. The Toronto Police Department have already given him his third degree. This famous Bolsheviki savant first claimed public attention when discovered quietly experimenting on the effects of an oxyacetylene flame on one of Mr. Polson's iron safes in the second story of the palatial residence of a half dozen of the Seven Sutherland Sisters, the only opposition to the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drop Whiskers. Shy, secretive—almost furtive his only comment on his new appointment was: "It will be a severe shock to me if I don't get a good kick out of close application to my new and somewhat stimulating duties." When asked his views on Insulin—he naively intimated that Insulation was a much more important field.

U.S.A. Anatomical Papers Please Copy.

REDS RUN RIOT IN UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Appallingly Awful Loss of Limb, Organ
and General Geography.

EXTREMITIES EXTINGUISHED IN INDECOROUS MANNER

Special Classes Conducted by Authorities

Our curiosity aroused by annual allegations of Socialism, Bolshevism, Bomb Throwing, and other Radical pastimes, has led us to investigate and offer in support of the corporal of finance the following facts:

Firstly—That by rigid examinations from the first year a few students are selected, with great care, and are forced to acquire, under trained demonstrators, the art of handling knives, saws, chisels, hammers and other weapons, in mutilating, destroying, cutting and otherwise disintegrating human forms.

Secondly—That to these chosen students are pointed out, didactically and otherwise, all vulnerable portions of the human organism, and they are coerced, or compelled, coaxed or cajoled, or in some way impelled to spend countless hours, in learning by rote all similar facts.

Thirdly—That they are incited by a series of threatened examinations, quizzes, etc., to ferociously fall upon, and tear, cut, rip, ravel, and otherwise reduce to smaller units, the subjects supplied. These methods are successful in that we know of students who look forward with fiendish delight to the next practice.

Fourthly—That once enticed into the inner circle, the students are never allowed to forget the importance of the results of their instruction—veiled and open references are made to their knowledge throughout the remainder of the course.

These facts are not reported from hearsay—but from actual experience;

PERPLEXITY

Oh lonely Isle of Langerhans
In the Pancreatic Sea,
List! whilst I with tear-dimmed orbs,
Tell what you've meant to me.

'Twas about the year of '22
When first was heard the din
Of myriad scribes, with one accord
Acclaiming your Insulin.

As well we know, in these two years
They oft proclaimed your 'xistence,
And in this little lapse of time
Have wrote with great persistence.

The Daily Star, The Mail, The Globe,
The Evening Telegram,
Have writ so much, that, if 'twas more
Eftsoon I would say damme!

Reporters young, Reporters old,
Editorial staff or board,
Have claimed you as their lawful prey,
A scribbling, typing horde.

"Banting" about glucose
And metabolic test;
"McLeod" and long they've snug that
song,
Maybe—all for the "Best".

We do not wish to give offence,
We're proud of the Nobel work;
It's reading, reading, reading, the guff
The papers shoot—we shirk.

I ne'er have stood on your "Colliped"
shore,
You lovely archipelago,
But if they do write of you more,
I don't know where the h—l to go!

and the proceedings described above
have been actually encountered.

We fearlessly charge the University
authorities, the Faculty of Medicine,
of knowing and countenancing these
proceedings, and further we openly
brand Professors J. P. McMurrich
and J. C. Watt as ringleaders in this
nefarious scheme.

RADIO RALES

Broadcasting from WHOA!!

Wave length, 7.5 microns. Approximately 5,000,000 per cu. m.m.

Weather Report—Fluctuations up and down. Much the same only more so. Lower Lakes and Tricuspid Area, mild, soft-blowing. Industrial equinox accompanied by palpitations and apprehensions scheduled for May next. Ink gales to follow.

Musical Programme—Organ Recital for the Unenlightened, "Oh Where Is My Floating Kidney To-night?" by Miss Renal Calculus.

*It pains us (Station WHOA) excruciatingly to have to state that Miss Calculus has broken her contract and refuses to perform on the grounds that the organ is so misplaced that she cannot proceed. Nothing that we can do will change her position; she is hard and obdurate, firm and resisting in the stand she has taken and declares vehemently that no power under the "Starry" firmament can move her.

Bed Time Story—For little undergraduates. Told by "Dynamite." Once upon a time there came to the University of Tor-on-to a fresh-man. He came from a good family and had a peace-loving Dis-po-sition, so, of course registered in the Fa-cul-ty of Med-i-cine. The rough Soph-o-mores were Ma-king the Fresh-man wear red ties until a later-date and our hero did not Es-cape. This of course was not Extra-or-dinary, but what was Pe-cu-liar was the fact that he could tell the Stu-dents of the fourth year just what he thought, and get away with it. Never before in the History of the Faculty had such a thing been heard of. Now listen and I shall tell the secret of this Rem-ark-able Oc-cur-rence. In his younger days he paid strictest At-ten-tion to De-tail and worked hard, and one day while Play-

RADIO RALES—(Continued)

ing with the Braz-il-ian boys up jumped a great big Arterio-Scler-o-sis and made him Fa-mous. When the In-it-ia-tions were over he took off his Red Tie. Good-night, children!

Station WHOA—Signing off now, programme continued in one hour and a half. The following numbers will be broadcasted:

STANDARD TIME—By the courtesy of the Nurses' Residences, Queen's Hall, Annesley Hall, Argyll House, Toronto Transportation Commission.

MUSICAL SELECTION—Vellat Arpor Oiffoh! by the Menorah Minstrels.

TEMPERANCE ORATION—The Sons of Temperance will outline their plan of action in their campaign in the Provincial House for free liquor prescriptions.

MARIE STOP—in Where, When and Why, will shed a new light on an age-old question.

POLITICS—Labor Control in England and Burnside! by Braxton Hicks.

INTERMITTEENT CLAUDICATION

I don't know Vertigo
Since Ethyl Iodide;
Her beau has not benzene:
Why would Benzaldehyde?

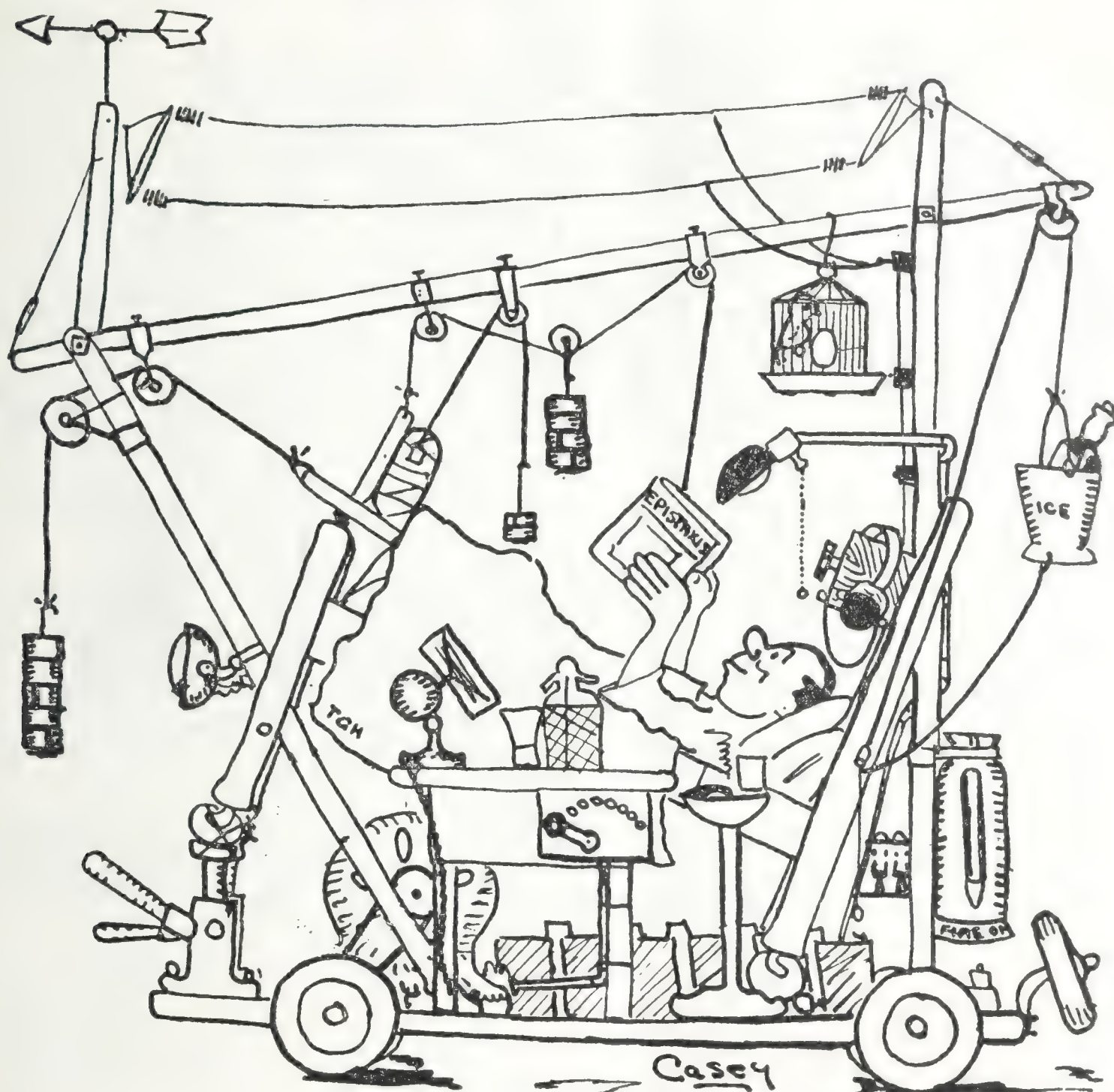
Who knows what Element?
She almost misturæ
The bruit! How could Palsy
Poor little Carmin dye?

We only need tumour
To make this grand nitrite;
If you can't make Iodine,
Perhaps Dynamite.

Interne—Did you ever have paralysis?

Patient—Yes—but I shook it off.

HOW BUCK'S EXTENSION MIGHT BE IMPROVED—



—BY A FEW ADDITIONS

SCIENCE NOTES—Adipose Wrecks

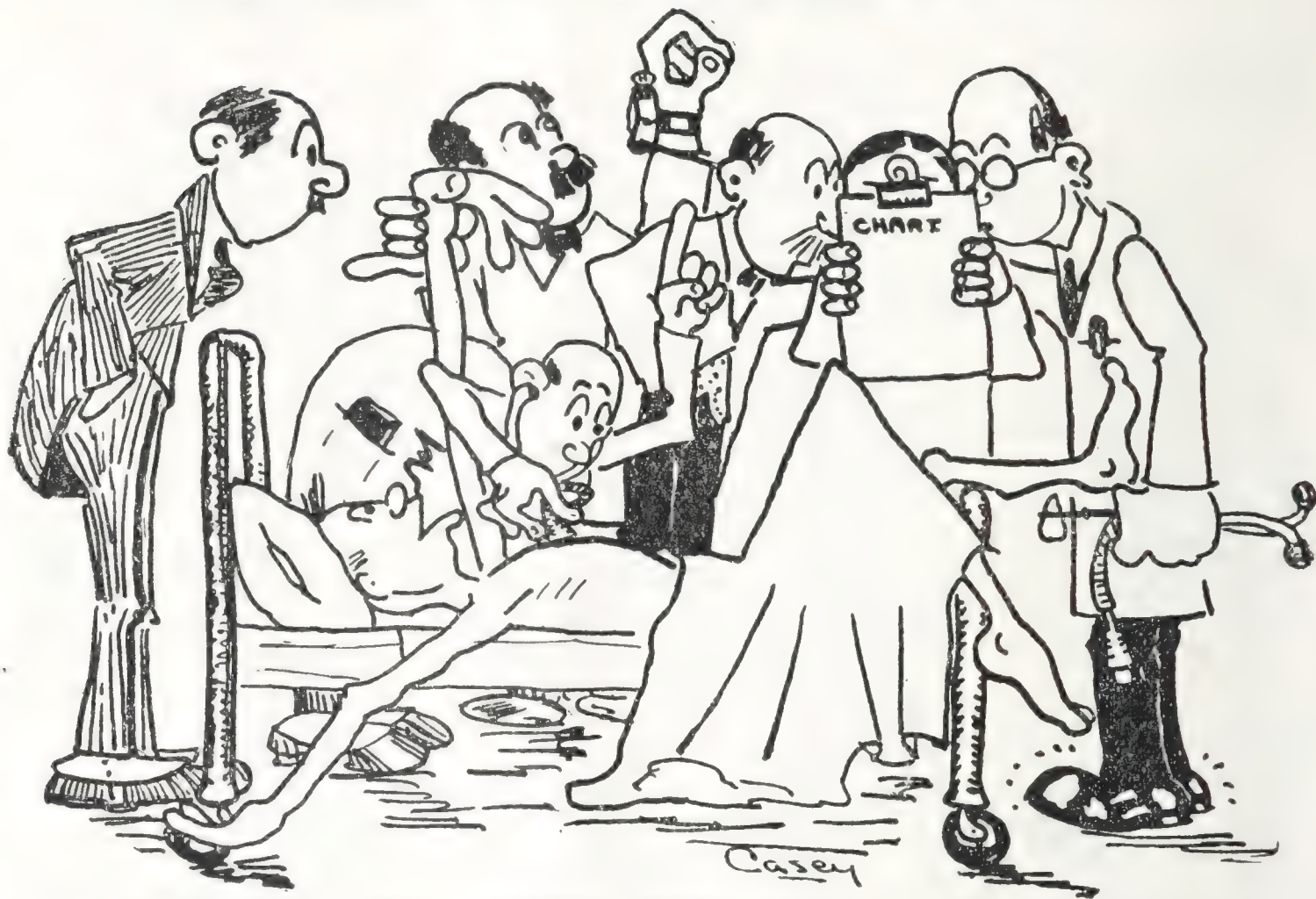
The practice of setting fractures of the femur in wide abduction should be governed by the dimensions of the patient. It is on record that a degree of abduction has been obtained, so great that it necessitated turning the patient sideways to permit exit from the room. It is plainly evident that dire results would occur in the case of a patient possessing no "sideways".

NO, NO, NORAH!

The shades from the windows were falling fast,
When, through the wards a painter passed;
No—this isn't the story you think so nice;
His gums presented that strange device,
Lead Poisoning, Lead Poisoning!

No, Didjatellus — The Pathology Building is not at 397½ Yonge Street.

"T.B. OR NOT T.B., THAT IS THE QUESTION"



NEW BOOKS

The Attractions of Hamilton. By S. U. Page.

Dancing by Two—well illustrated and showing the author, Mr. U. P. BYRNE, and his dancing partner in action, including flashlights taken in the Upper Gym at the Rugby Dance.

Canoes and How to Use Them. By Tommy Briant—being a complete treatise on moonlight paddling for two.

My Years of Married Life. By Harry Barlow. Illustrated by photos from real life.

Eat and Grow Thin. By Georgius Watsonius in Latin with a French preface by Mademoiselle Orr.

Christmas. By Hal. Caple. Being a thrilling Tale of 3 Xmas dinners in one day by a connoisseur.

The Dietitian and Doctor. By Sandy English. A monumental work showing the proper relationship between the two and how they may work together harmoniously for the betterment of the patient.

Bow-ling. How to really do it. By an expert. Mr. H. F. Oyer assisted by Mr. C. M. Francis et al.

FADED

Why doth this Med's memory lapse?
I can tell you the reason, perhaps:

Instead of perusing
His books, he is losing
His weekly allowance at craps.

Teacher—Can any little boy tell me the difference between a cynic and a stoic?

Little Abie—Shure I ken. A cynic is a place py vere the water runs, vere we wash the dishes in and a stoic is a boid vat prings all the babies?

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED—By 2T4, a large number of attractive internships. Salary \$1,500.00 and up with full maintenance.

WANTED—By a 5th year student, a nurse capable of looking after office and doing light housekeeping. If satisfied will consider matrimony. Apply E. C. Lang (Lanky, for short).

JOHNNIE OILE

Have you ever had a clinic from John Oille?

Have you ever had him comment on your toil?

If you haven't you will learn
The midnight oil to burn
And sweet dreams of graduation he
will spoil.

Has he ever stripped from you all your
pretence

Of knowing anything, with just
"Nonsense"?

For no matter how you try,
John will simply question "Why?"
And another hide is tacked on
Johnnie's fence.

Have you ever heard him talk about
the heart?

The myocardium, or any part?

You'll learn a lot, my boy,
In the future you'll employ,
If you listen to what John has to
impart.

If you have ideas that you know it all,
John soon will back you up against
the wall,

For no matter who you be,
He'll soon put you up a tree,
And with his "Why" will give your
pride a fall.

Have you ever thought of what we'd
surely lose

If John to give his clinics should re-
fuse?

For we couldn't get along
Without clinics from our John,
He's as square a man as ever trod in
shoes.

AT THE THEATRES

The Covered Waggon—Good, but
the roof is the limit.

Scaramouche—The 417th French
Revolution.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame—
Kyphosis plays a strong lead.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO
|KNOW IN 2T4

Why Don Allen always picks on a
short female?

If Nemo Chisholm is really going
over the pond double or not?

If McCosh is really married?

If I. R. Vaile is really short for I.
R. Volinsky, and if so, why?

If Duncombe really called on Dr.
Oille?

If there is any controversy between
Boyden and Meehan?

Why R. W. (Doc.) Graham hasn't
joined the A.O.A.?

What Hughie Kerr was doing in the
Chapel at Hart House on the night of
the Masquerade?

How much Art Purdy invested in a
solitaire, and if she liked it or Art
better?

Why girls go in for medicine and
then get married?

That the etiology of *Rumatic* fever
was settled.

If Rosenov has any more selective
"strops" up his sleeve?

If Mah Jong will supplant Geome-
try as a brain exerciser for the Matric?

What is going to be on the Finals
next May?

That fifth year men were to be paid
a small honorarium.

That all lecture notes were to be
supplied free by the staff.

That clinics began at 10 a.m., and
that afternoon tea was served at 3 p.m.

That the Arts girls had invited all
the Medical students to all their dances
—taxis and eats supplied free.

If Dr. Janes still likes nurses?

Rastus, ah'm tellin yoh straight,
mah brudder—Oh, boy! ain't he black?
He's so black—why I dun slep' with
him fo' three yeahs an' neber seen
him a-tall!

Push away! high brown, push
away! dat ain't black. Now mah ole
man is black—He's so dawggun black
that the lightening bugs follow him
around in the daytime.

THE LAST REGULAR MEETING OF PUNKIN CENTRE'S LADIES' AID

The meeting opened with all members absent but Mrs. Beecham, the President, who complimented herself on her infinite knowledge of the science of medicine; Mrs. Travers, Deacon Simpson's wife, Mrs. Haze, and three others. The minor business was soon laid aside in order to have a little confidential chat over the young doctor who has just opened an office in the vicinity. However, they soon left their original subject to allow Mrs. Beecham to air her views. Her son was the pride of her years and after spending considerable time on his sterling qualities—

One lady asked: Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry? "Oh, yes! he just loves poultry, he simply can't get enough of it."

"I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As far divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children and when he was a baby he fell and broke the cartridge of his nose; but I hardly think he's had that you speak of."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Jinks?" broke in Mrs. Travers, as she saw the Dr. go by the house. "Oh!" said Mrs. Haze, "she is troubled with varicose veins."

"Do tell!" cried Mrs. Beecham. "Well, that accounts for her very corse behaviour. If one has very corse veins what can you expect? Ah! we are none of us better than we ought to be and—thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world and that hydrant-headed monster vice will be overturned."

"Don't you regard your constant habit of taking snuff a vice, Mrs. Beecham?"

"If it is," she replied, "it's so small a one that Providence will take no notice of it; and besides my oil factories would miss it so!"

When the ladies were talking of Vesuvius, the old lady said: "La me! Why don't they give it sarsaparilla to cure its eruptions?"

Then the old lady told that she intended the concert of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some songs were extracted with touching pythagoras. She declared the whole thing went off like a shot, the young angels sang like syrups and during the showers of applause she remembered she had forgot her parasol. When a friend spoke of suffering the agonies of death the old lady interrupted her: "La me! here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax and now I'm sick with chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health especially when you're sick."

"How these men speak of scrutinizing pain and suffering," she continued, "as if nobody suffered but themselves. They don't know of our sufferings. We poor creatures must suffer and say nothing and drink cheap tea, be troubled with children and corns and scrub our souls out and we never say anything about it."

"Did any of you ever read Dr. Gould's Dictionary?" she said. "Study it contentively and you will gain a great deal of inflammation. You all realize how very various diseases are. Now they say old Mrs. Hate has two buckles on her lungs. Deacon Brown has got tonsors of the throat. Aunt Mary Hart is dying of hermitage of the lungs, and now Josiah Simpkins finds himself in a jocular vein."

"Well, I have another apartment in a few minutes so I'll adjourn the meeting until the next regular meeting on Wednesday, the 13th."

Prof.—Where do we get mercury?
Stude: From H. G. Wells.



February 7th and 8th, 1924

THE DAFFYDIL COMMITTEE OF 1924

Chairman - - -	K. C. McCARTHY	Representatives:	
Secretary - - -	H. B. LANG	Medettes - - -	Miss R. HAIGHT
Treasurer - - -	D. B. CODE	2T4 - - -	J. E. WILLIAMS
Stage-manager - - -	C. E. TAIT	2T5 - - -	C. B. HORTON
Property Manager - - -	J. C. ARMSTRONG	2T6 - - -	L. H. A. R. HUGGARD
Assistant Property Mgr.	H. WADDINGTON	2T7 - - -	E. B. PATTERSON
Orchestra Leader - - -	H. E. BICKNELL	2T8 - - -	T. H. BELT
Lantern - - -	H. M. GRAY	2T9 - - -	E. C. BRYAN

A Overture—"The Bridal Rose".....THE MEDICAL ORCHESTRA

B The Medical Extension of the Moscow Art Players present "Damned Souls"

A satire in one act. Written and directed by Vladimir Menirovitch Dantchenko
Music by Tsar Pyadov Ivanovitch
Gowns worn by Misses Johnstone and Baker by Scott-Holmes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dotty, a Varsity Girl.....	RUTH JOHNSTONE
Viola, a Flapper.....	MARY JACKSON
Polla, a product of Greenwich Village.....	MARGARET BAKER
A dying man.....	KNUT HAMSEN
Dosty—A Maniac.....	IVANOFF TCHEKHOFF
Kolokoloff, a Russian.....	APHASIA STANISLOWSKI
Madia, his wife.....	RACHELOVITCH HAESTSCHAVSKI
A Traveller.....	ALEXEI OSTRAVSKI
Corporal.....	ANTON HUMPERDINCK
1st Soldier.....	JASCHA RACHMANINOFF
2nd Soldier.....	LARIA LARIANITZA
3rd Soldier.....	GIULIO GAZZI CAZZANZA
4th Soldier.....	ANTON PRZYBILSKI

C The Graduating Year presents "School Days"

A one act farce portraying various esteemed members of the Faculty in Caricature.
Prologue—"Graduation Song," sung by Ed. Williams.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. Alexander McPhedran.....	L. S. STOKES
Dr. John Oille.....	H. E. SPAULDING
Dr. R. D. Rudolph.....	L. A. ATKINSON
Dr. Gideon Silverthorne.....	E. C. FIELDEN
Dr. Fletcher McPhedran.....	G. E. MICHELL
Dr. James Watt.....	D. C. HEGGIE
Dr. John Satterly.....	J. McATEER
Dr. J. J. R. McLeod.....	J. L. MCFADDEN
Dr. R. D. Defries.....	R. W. MCBAIN
Dr. King Smith.....	F. J. LIDDY

D 2T5 Presents a Northland Romance entitled 'The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal'

(Directed by C. B. HORTON)
A historical skit dealing with the lady who's known as Lou.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Ragtime Kid.....	H. R. TEASDALE
Robert, M.D. (the bar keep).....	E. C. FIELDEN
Louise ("the lady known as Lou").....	A. D. KELLY
Argyll-Robertson, T. D., Esq.....	C. R. MAY
Sam McGee (from Tennessee).....	R. P. MACKAY
Alkali Ike (from Arizona).....	D. C. HEGGIE
Dangerous Dan McGrew.....	E. T. SELTZER
Athabaska Dick.....	J. P. MIDDLEBRO
Dummy.....	J. SCHWAB
Lord Percival Montmorency de Montrobert de Vere, the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.....	C. B. HORTON

E2T6 Presents a little Ancient History entitled "Toot and Come In"

Written by R. WAGNER.

An inside story of Egyptian habits in the reign of the recently resurrected Monarch.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Tutankhamen.....	LORNE HEATON
Queen.....	W. J. DERBYSHIRE
Professor Finkelstein.....	JAKE FINE
English Medicos	{L. H. A. ROY HUGGARD
	{H. K. MOIR
An Egyptian Embalmer.....	S. S. MURRAY
An Egyptian Priest.....	T. A. SWEET
Mose—a negro servant.....	F. J. FLEMING
Guardians of the Tomb.. ..	{D. A. IRWIN
	{C. E. A. HASSARD

F2T7 Presents "The Cardiopathic Specialist"

Written by E. B. PATTERSON

Musical Director—A. G. LAMBERT

Love will find a way even in the best regulated practices. Dr. Hormone is no exception and does not believe in always applying the same therapeutic methods.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ella Fantine	} Nurses	C. R. FERGUSON
Sarah Bellum		L. A. CLARKE
Eva Lewshun		L. A. MACKLIN
Molly Kule		N. M. WRONG
Doctor Hormone—an authority on hearts.....		G. H. JACKSON
John Henry Dermis—a patient sufferer.....		R. H. KINSMAN
Mrs. Eppie Dermis—his better three-quarters.....		R. S. SADDINGTON
Dr. Dan. D. Rough—a graduate of '23.....		J. A. KELLY
Mrs. Bella Donna—a merry widow.....		J. B. LAIDLAW

G2T8 Presents "A Couple of Nature's Mistakes"

A Stark Tragedy by Heck in one Act. Written and directed by T. H. BELT.

The patients in our play were asleep when last seen, and for all we know, they are asleep yet. But we shall see, we shall see!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dooley, the Teamster, a patient.....	Q. A. KILPATRICK
The Singing Swan of Oakville, another.....	D. M. CAMPBELL
A Nurse.....	G. C. LARGE
Doctor Bought, Psychiatrist.....	T. H. BELT
The Rev, Bone, Hospital Chaplain.....	E. A. MOORE
A Student.....	D. S. HOARE
A Street Waif.....	P. TIGHTIN
Mrs. Swackhammer.....	W. M. MASTER
An Orderly.....	E. F. BROOKS
The Twins.....	{H. E. RYKERT and
	{R. A. CLEGHORN

Scene—Semi-private ward, Psychiatric Department, Saint Epistaxis Hospital. It is afternoon in the year of the sun spots.

H2T9 Presents "Apollo's Court"

The scene is set in Apollo's Court, where a youth has been discovered while in the company with Apollo's fairest maiden and seized, and the King pronounces his sentence, after which the life of the youth is pleaded for by his sister.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King.....	M. KELLY
Youth.....	B. YUILL
Maiden.....	R. PEER
Youth's Sister.....	I. SMILLIE
The Nubian Slaves.....	{H. ANDREWS
	{R. E. NICHOLSON

Chorus: J. DENOON, J. WHALEY, A. F. MCINTYRE, V. RIALTON, D. WILSON, P. HARDIE

Manager—E. C. BRYANT

Assistant Manager—H. G. MILLER

I	Cornet Solo	H. POWEL
	Accompanist	MISS L. EWING

J

The Prophylactic Jazz Band

Mandolins—F. M. LINDY	Banjo—J. R. SCOTT
E. L. MCNIVEN	Violins—A. L. MORGAN
S. L. BIEHN	W. L. DEETON
Ukulele—J. R. WESTHEIMER	Piano—R. E. A. MILNE

“GOD SAVE THE KING”

The Medical Orchestra
H. E. BICKNELL, Leader

1st Violins—H. E. BICKNELL	2nd Violins—DR. H. B. MINER	
G. HOUSER	L. E. ROBINSON	
H. J. PEACOCK	Cornets—H. POWELL	
N. LONG	DR. F. M. JUDSON	
A. SMITH	L. N. HOOPER	
S. AIKEN	L. F. WILCOX	
W. BOOTH	A. M. MOON	
'Cello.....C. STEWART	Piano.....H. R. TEASDALE	Flute.....C. FOOTE
Clarinet—N. W. BRONSTEIN	Saxophones—A. L. MORGAN	
Trombones—W. G. C. KENNEY	L. W. MASON	
W. D. WRIGHT	P. W. MASON	
P. E. IRELAND		
Baritone—J. PATTISON	Drums—B. BRAKE	

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The University of Toronto Medical Society

B. I. JOHNSTONE
PRESIDENT

J. L. McFADDEN
VICE-PRESIDENT

J. G. CAMPBELL
SECRETARY

R. J. HEFFERING
ASSISTANT SECRETARY



"The short and simple flannels of the poor."—Thos. Gray.

AUSCULTATIONS IN 2T5

Monaghan recently showed that he was capable of surmounting seemingly overwhelming difficulties when he successfully succeeded in hearing rales in the chest of an apnoeic patient, without troubling to remove the cap from his stethoscope.

E. C. Fielden the all-round man of the year.

Why should Vine choose "Flaming Youth" as his favorite work of fiction?

What would Trick look like with but two pins on his vest instead of the customary six?

What would Westman and Middleboro talk about if it were not for automobiles and radio?

F. L. Patry—summer interne at Whitby. "Allos! enfants de la Patry."

Hay: Did you get many marks in Surgery?

Mare: No, but quite a few scars.

One of the Psychology class was in a bad way at the last examination. The question asked for the definition of Amnesia and he could not recall what the word meant.

Dr. Defries assures Willie Green that he is a positive sheik.

Dr. Van Wyck: "I got some silver nitrate on my fingers."

George Fair (waking from healthful slumber, takes up the thread of the discourse): "Why—eh—baby's eyes!"

Professor Fitzgerald gives a lecture on "anti-natal care."

Dr. Pearce: "Fungating papilloma of the bladder are rare—I had one myself some time ago—"

Casey McCarthy announces—"Dr. Eric Clark's class will go to the asylum—to-day."

Dr. McComb—The other day a prostate walked into my office.

Can you imagine

Laxton without his "Running Horse",

Knowlton when he wasn't sore,

Couch without his curly hair,

Or Clark without his "Cuspidore"?

Have you ever known

May to give a silent laugh,

Beasley to miss a lecture,

de Souza to take the very back row,

or Hume to grieve for Fletcher?

You cannot

Read the notes that Patry writes,

Nor sport a pen like Schwab,

Nor smoke that pipe that Riley smokes,

Nor be as good as Hodd.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor:

Will you please place before the proper authorities as requested by them, the following suggestions re improvement in our course in Medicine:

1. All fees payable in Russian roubles or German marks.

2. All lectures to be given by dictaphone to obviate being annoyed by, and annoying the gentlemen who talk in monotones to us after a heavy luncheon.

3. A suitable dole system for the unemployed medical students so that they might enjoy their leisure hours.

4. Shock absorbers in the heart ward to stop the clinicians' outburst.

5. Hold annual Spring examinations in the preceding Fall to enable a student to more peacefully pursue his studies in the ensuing year.

6. A radio bed-time story from the Professor of Medicine.

I am, dear sir,

Yours,

PACHYCEPHALIA.

Dear Editor:

I should say that a farmer, if there was nothing the matter with him might call in a female doctor, but if he was sick as a horse—and when a man is sick, he is sick as a horse—the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor, and why? Because when a man wants a female fumbling around he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious or feverish with his mouth tasting like cheese, and his eyes bloodshot when a female is looking him over. Of course, they are all young and good looking, and if one came into a sick room where a farmer was in bed with chills, as cold as a wedge and she would sit up close

to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to 150, and she would prescribe for a fever when he had chilblains, and then if he died she could be arrested for malpractice. O, you can't fool us farmers.

A farmer knows just how he would feel to have a female Dr. tripping in, throw her fur coat over a chair, take off her hat and goloshes and come up to the bed with a pair of marine blue eyes with a twinkle in the corner and look into his wild unchangeable eyes and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose he knew his tongue looked like a yellow Turkish towel, do you suppose he would run out 5 or 6 inches of the lower end and let her put her finger on it to see how it was furred? Not much! He would put that tongue so tight in his cheek and wouldn't let her see it for 25c admission.

Now, suppose a female Dr. to listen to his heart would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosebud mouth would be looking straight into his face and her wavy hair would be scattered all around getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt—don't you suppose his heart would get in twenty extra beats per min. Well, what would he be doing all this time? No; all of a man's symptoms change when a female Dr. is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.

These medical colleges are doing a great wrong in preparing these female Drs. for the warpath and we desire to enter a protest on behalf of the U.F.O. who could not stand the pressure.

Sincerely,

SI.

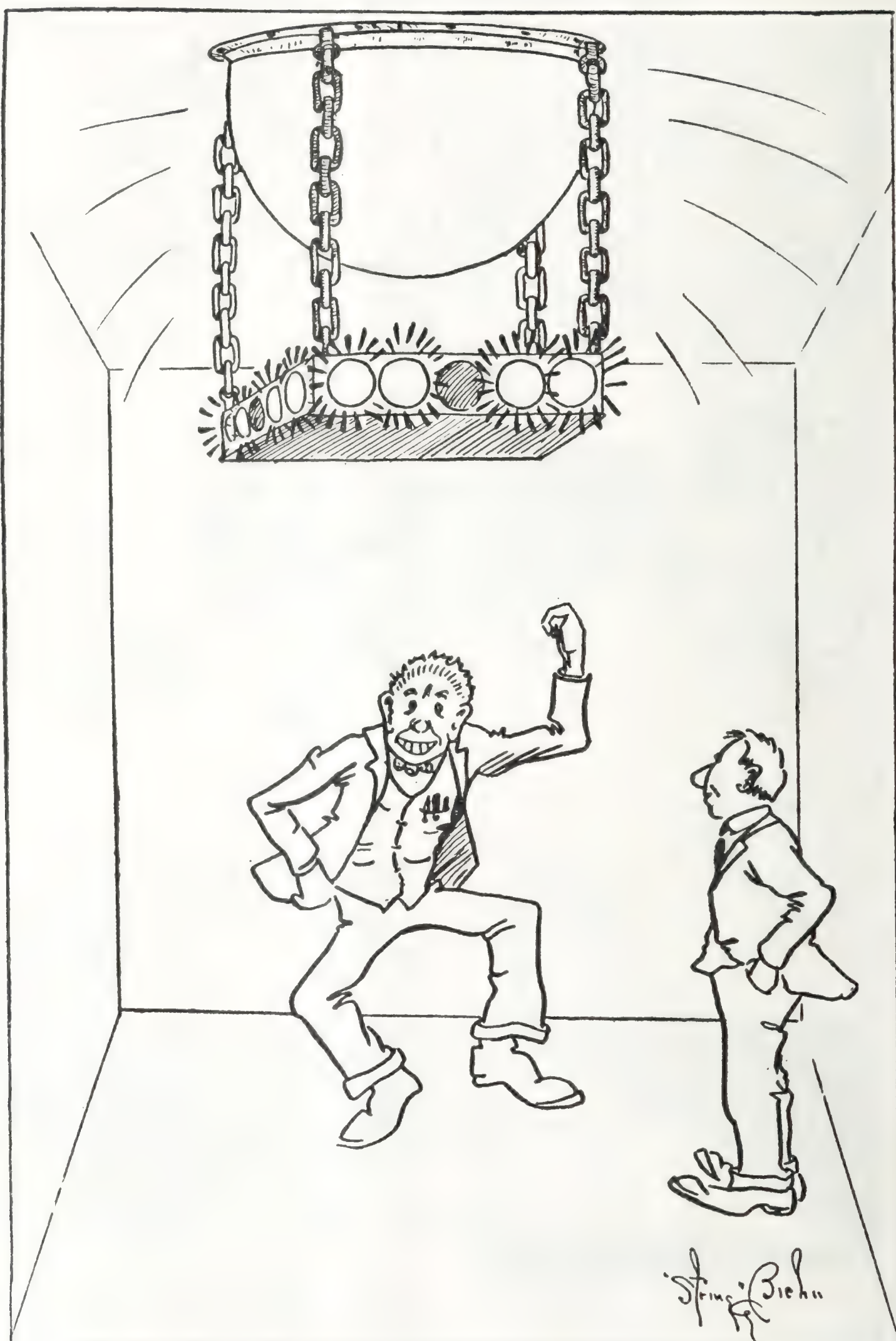
Barkeep (to old man): "What will you have, Pop?"

Pop: "Is that the best you've got?"

THESE LIGHTS APPEAL TO SOME



THESE LIGHTS—



—ARE THE BRIGHT SPOTS IN A STUDENT'S LIFE

ODE TO THE BURNSIDE

(Written after receiving a 2 a.m. call)
 Out of my bed in the cold dark morn,
 Out of my bed from my slumber torn,
 Donning my trousers and rubbing my
 eye,
 Cursing my luck as I knot my tie,
 Stumbling o'er chairs along the hall—
 I'm off to answer a Burnside call.

Out of my bed at the telephone ring,
 Grumbling, grouching, murmuring,
 "Burnside call" ringing in my ear,
 Making me leave my bed so dear;
 Buttoning my coat, I am on my way—
 Off to the Burnside e'er break of day.

Hurrying along the dimly lit street,
 Deserted except for my flying feet,
 Rushing by Hart House, the Med
 Building, too,
 Delaying on College to retie my shoe,
 Still wishing that I were asleep in my
 bed,
 But hoping to get there before the
 head.

The end of my journey now looms
 into sight,
 As at last I spy the Burnside light;
 Donning a gown I do not delay,
 Two steps at a time I take on my way,
 I rush up the stairs, I rush through
 the gloom,
 And at last I arrive in the labor room

ENVOI

Oh, a doctor's life, 'tis freely con-
 fessed,
 Is a hectic one at the very best;
 Sometime it's attractive and sometime
 it is not,
 But after all 'tis the best of the lot.
 Sometime in the future we'll gladly
 recall
 The times that we answered the
 "Burnside Call."

"Deep breathing kills microbes."
 "How're you gonna make 'em
 breathe deeply?"

FOURTH YEAR FOIBLES

Bain—(after thoroughly examining
 a patient's eye)—"Sir, is that an
 Argyle-Robertson pupil?"

Dr. Detweiler—(smiling broadly)—
 "No, that's a glass eye."

We wonder how Dowsley gained
 that reputation around The Annex.

And how 5-litre Thaler gained his
 "rep."?

Cumming thinks that poker spine is
 the result of over-indulgence in a
 well known game.

Seen on a fourth year clinic sheet:
 "Dec. 23—Osculation and palpi-
 tation."

Clinician in Ward I: "Snitman, do
 you always sleep standing up?"

When is T. A. Sweet not worrying
 about exams.?

Seen on a fourth year prescription:
 "Sig.:—take one pill, one half hour
 before you feel pain coming on."

CLINIC ON HAEMORRHAGE—ITS SIGNS
AND SYMPTOMS

Scene: A dog on which a transfusion
 is about to be done.

Sinclair (earnestly)—"Doctor, what
 does a pig think of when it is stuck?"

Dr. Janes—"I'm afraid I don't
 know."

DOC SAYS:

It pays to be straight. Just look at
 all the corkscrews out of a job.

Yesterday an old man as a dying
 request, wanted to be buried face
 downwards. He said he always hated
 to travel backwards.

He understands why Goldsmith
 wrote "The Deserted Village." He
 was once in Edinburgh himself on a
 tag day.

He doesn't recall the story of the
 Scot who bought the Hebrew a drink.

**THE WHISPER OF DEATH
or
ERTIKARIA'S ERUGATION**

The village clock has just struck seven. It was half past two. Ertikaria lay a-sleeping—just like a beautiful log,—in fact, like three or four beautiful logs, for the day before she had barked her shins and her nose when she was suddenly struck by the sombre beauty of the village undertaker's new motor hearse on its trial trip. Prone—she lay, sleeping the sleep of the almost, or rather the just, but at all events, fast asleep—very fast, money could not go faster. Her decubitus, superior to an Ostermoor, albeit inferior to the plate-rail was not entirely absent. The sturdy old house gently oscillated to the subtle staccato of our heroine's tremulous adenoids. Moonlight streamed through the bent window pains. Moonshine and sleep—Oh! how she did enjoy it! Like the 24th of December, naught else but silence could be heard all over the house.

But pause! Slowly, suddenly and ominously LUBB-DUPP! LUBB-DUPP! *Lubb-dupp!* The two-fold sound of the footsteps of a one-legged being penetrated the higher hierarchies of Ertikaria's unconscious consciousness. She awoke. Great gobs of epinephrin coursed coarsely through her veins! Her opsonic index vanished! Great beads of perspiration, gleaming fitfully, fell from her forehead into the moonshine below with the limpid splash of water dripping on a pie plate in the kitchen sink of a second-rate boarding house.

Is this to be the end?—Well, just about, for the door opened and In Flu Enza, crying with one cord, "I win, the *'Whisper of Death'* is not a means of disseminating news of an autopsy."

Ertikaria, adjusting her opsonic index, her epinephrin and her adenoids again hid her face in Morpheus' bosom.

The village clock struck two,—it was seven o'clock.

Oh, Goody! Goody! Look what the January thaw brought out—

A CHALLENGE!

Yes, I have a little class pin, made of rubies, gold and pearls,
And, as every class pin should be, it's the envy of the girls.
Not that they'd want it if they had it, but just because they can't;
I'll let NO woman have it! Don't believe me? Well, I shan't!

You may take this for a challenge;
you may take it how you will;
If you think that you can get it, you are riding for a spill.
I really wish you'd try it—no matter who you are,
Blonde, or dark, or in between—I always like to spar.

And now, so you will know me—I wear it on my vest,
But you will see it only when I'm dressed up in my best.
More I shall not tell you—stop now, don't get fussed—
For I know if I should be found out, I surely would be rushed.

TO A MEDICAL MAN

A stitch in time approximates the margins.

A moving stone causes a lot of fuss.

A boil on a patient is worth two on yourself.

He who gasps his last goes west.

People who live on Gatch frames should never move pianos.

Summer complaint goes before the fall.

There's many a crypt 'twixt the uvula and lip.

The proof of senile gangrene is in the toes—they're off!

It's an ill exam if somebody don't "blow" good.

Autopsy subjects do tell tales.



“English Expression” Illustrated ~
~ That Essay entitled ~
~ WHY I CAME TO MEDICINE ~

SPORT!

"Where you going Harry?"
 "Home to poison my wife."

ADVICE TO YOUNG PHYSICIANS

*By a Member of the Staff of the
We——n Hospital.*

All physicians should marry at once after graduating, irrespective of financial solvency, or if you are or have been married once or twice already. My advice to you is founded at most, on my own personal experience, and the experience of several of my colleagues. You should all marry your opposite, by this I mean that if you are more or less hard up, that you should seek out and procure a member of the opposite sex with an income in the five figures. What I am talking about is best shown by the example below:

PROTOCOL No. 1.

If you have sharp teeth, Roman nose, are tall, thin, blue eyed, knock-kneed, flat-footed, fair-haired and al-

most bald, with a nasty disposition, you should try to secure a peg-toothed, pug-nosed, short, fat, red-eyed, bow-legged, high-arched, low-vamped, dark-haired dark-skinned, anaemic warm young woman, with a sweetish disposition and a high-pitched voice and a car of her own fully paid for.

HEADS UP!

The boy stood on the Bradford frame,
 His feet—oh, Hallux Valgus,
 He peered up in the astral sky
 To see the Astralagus.

Rudolph—I quit smokink zeegars,
 Adolph.

Adolph—Aet so—For why?

Rudolph—I'm afraid from a terrible seekness.

Adolph—Vat can dat be?

Rudolph—Zee garlet fever.

Royal Gabboon.

**BUT IT "DON'T" MEAN ANY-
THING**

Denied.

WELL (?) *Baby Clinics.*

Alpha Omega Alpha—in fact this is Greek to us.

A Summer Course in Medicine or Surgery—they can get you just the same.

Options—They are compulsory.

"Never mind, son, your clinical years will be easier and more interesting."

"My Lord, man, if I had been examining you in the third year, you'd have been plucked!"

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
She took it to Pittsburg—
And now look at the darn thing!
—Dr. Ogden.

I'm willing to bet you \$10 you don't know what the pre sphygmic period is —(ask Michel).

Know the doses of Cocaine, Caffeine, Bella Donna and Spirits Frumenti for the end of February.

BOOKS REVIEWED

Flaming Youth—Conrad—Hot stuff.
The Middle of the Road—Gibbs—
Just like a silent policeman.
If Winter Comes—Hutchinson —
Here She is!

"Say, bo, what is this disease Betes so many people dia?"

NECKING?

A medical student named Hyde,
Once strangled a man till he died;
He explained: "The man bled
From a wound in his head,
So a neck tourniquet I applied."

WHOOOP!!!

"Rastus, did you ever have your tonsils out?"
"Only when ah laffs, suh—"

**EMPHYSEMA! WHERE ART
THOU?**

Oh, what is so rare as a hearty sneeze;
Diagnosed as tubercle, borne by the breeze?
Yo! ho! ho! and a hunk of bologny,
Seventeen men with hydrostatic pneumony!

THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT

Fourteen students forced to remain in bed since the fire at the New Method Laundry, Jan. 24, 1924.

In 61 days there will be only 46 days of school left.

7,991,721 Canadian citizens have never attended a Daffydill entertainment.

SUPPORT THE WOMEN—YOU WILL DO SO EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW?
—Notice for Medette basketball game.

**WOMEN DEBATE ON
NON-RESISTANCE**

—The Varsity, Jan. 23, 1924.

AT EATON'S

YOU'LL find here a most comprehensive collection of surgical instruments and supplies. When the time comes to purchase such equipment remember the **EATON** guarantee "goods satisfactory or money refunded".

MICROSCOPES

**DISSECTING
INSTRUMENTS**

**EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
INSTRUMENTS**

**BAGS, STERILIZERS,
ETC., ETC.**

Third Floor, James Street

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

IMPRESSIONS OF A MEDICAL COURSE

I Year—Alone.....alone.....
Big Place.....inferiority.....hazing.....
nice office...white cards...blue cards
.....red cards.....Neewah.....fights
.....parades.....fines.....Rabbits
.....parasites.....parades.....Galen.....
Tycho Brahe.....Why I came to
Medicine.....Neewah again.....
97½cts.....that Physics paper.....
hopelessness.

II Year—Hullo.....these.....
bones.....funny smell.....stories.....
handshakes (few).....Superiority.....
work.....missing Demonstrators.....
half holidays.....fights.....banquets
.....parades.....first orals.....sinking
feeling.....

III Year—Hullo, Jones.....Hullo
.....Black.....Hullo, White.....
many handshakes.....turtle's heart.....
Einthoven triangle.....dances.....
Hydrogen ions.....bacteria.....Co-eds
.....work.....work.....scared.....

IV Year—'Lo, Tom.....'Lo, Dick
.....'Lo, Harry.....'Lo—etc.....
aching arms.....had a Fine Summer
.....lost.....inspection.....
stethoscopes.....much.....superiority
.....my lawst lecture.....work.....
work.....work.....fractures.....
Winchester bottles.....inflammation
.....more Co-eds.....Summer
Course?.....pew!

Vth Year—'Lo, Tom....How's Sue?
.....'Lo, Dick.....How's Annabelle?
....'Lo, Harry....How's Jane?....Sure!
had a fine Summer.....got my supp.
.....much.....hospital.....crap games
.....infants.....scared.....work.....
.....work.....work.....strange haemo-
cytometers.....Gee, I wish I knew
more about.....Autopsies.....Med.
At-Home.....Summer Course?.....
resolutions for next year.....pew!
pew!

VIth Year—'Lo Tom.....how's
Jane? 'Lo Dick.....How's Sue?.....
'Lo Harry.....How's Annabelle?.....
bald heads.....moustaches.....heart
nonsense.....reason for first year
course apparent.....Internes wanted?
.....haste.....operations.....anaesthe-
tic card.....no Co-eds.....work.....
work.....work.....Thoughts
of Council Exams.....chills.....
Burnside.....feverish haste.....who
wants an interne?.....Sick kids
.....baby welfare.....broken engage-
ments.....it was a good course, but.....
whatcha gonna do THIS summer,
Harry?.....marry.....work.....per-
spiration.....faculty exams.....council
exams.....Oh, boy!.....Scrips.....
Drop us a line when you get settled
.....Cold cruel world but nevertheless
HOORAH!!!!!!

NOMADIC NOTICES! LOOKOSIGHTS!

Owing to the scarcity of bricks, lead pipe and other vegetables encores can not be given

But

If you wish to see or hear any part of the programme again

(a) If this is Thursday mark an **X** here ☐, get a club and come again to-morrow.

(b) If this is Friday mark an **X** here ☐, and follow the players home (if they go home).

Remember the O.T.A.

Persons leaving during the performance to warm up cars are viewed with suspicion.

Stop! Have you left anything?

That upper plate, stethoscope, wife, sweetheart, room-mate's girl, goloshes, car fare, door key, attendance sheet or New Years' resolution or "Graduate of '23".

Picture-A-Head

Save. T-First

FABLES FOR A SOPH

Once upon a time a famous doctor—who had married immediately after graduation—instructed his secretary to polish up his microscope. Afterwards he hocked it to buy food for his starving family.

Moral: Don't let your family learn to like food.

STATISTICS

We have heard of a woman that was so fat that on falling down she rocked herself to sleep trying to get up.

READ IT AND WEEP!

Black boy! Shut yoh mouff or ah'l fold this heah fist up and send it to yeh-all so fast that yoh shirt tail'll flah up lak a window shade.

Cafeteria! Niggah! Cafeteria!

What yoh all mean—Cafeteria?

Step raht in an' help yohself!

SHAME! SHAME!

John Blunder, a silly young Med,
From the neck up he was dead,
And because he used curses
In the presence of nurses,
He lost his year, so it is said.

ONST

The man who kan wear a paper collar a whole week, and keep it klean—ain't good for ennything else.

Jess so.

TWIST

Thare iz only one thing that kan be sed in favour of tite boots—they make a man forgit all his other sorrows.

THREE TIMES

Mules are like sum men, very corrupt at harte—I hav known them to be good mules for 6 months just to git a good chance to kick sumboddy—

IV AND LAST

Thare iz 2 things in this world for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz—twins.

Jess so, Jess so.

COMPLEMENTARY ADS.

DID HE HAVE THE RIGHT TO
SUSPECT HER?

McGoof was in a terrible state of mind—for the past sixty years his wife had been acting very strangely. WHAT WAS THIS INSIDIOUS THING that had crept into his life? SEND NO MONEY for I was pegging shoes at the age of seven. MAIL THIS COUPON or SAY IT WITH FLOWERS—it comes out like a ribbon and lies flat on the brush. STOP WONDERING HOW I TEACH THE PIANO BY MAIL for Boiling Water cannot hurt it—its VALSPAR! “MARY, I OWE IT ALL TO YOU!”—Another \$50 raise. Mr. Williams called me into his office to-day and told me that FOUR OUT OF FIVE PEOPLE OVER FORTY—in fact MILLIONS USE IT—not sticky, greasy or smelly, HAIR STAYS COMBED AND GLOSSY. LEARN TO DANCE on *The Personal Writing Machine*.

TEAR IT OUT HERE

Without cost or obligation, please tell me if I believe the statement before which you have marked an X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Your complexion will not harm if you use Italian barm! | <input type="checkbox"/> Ten shaves are free. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bunko’s Bran makes Regular Guys! | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Just whistle—no afterglow. |
| <input type="checkbox"/>is good tea. | <input type="checkbox"/> Walk upstairs and save 10. |

Scuttled !

Train Announcer, Montreal Station:
“This train for Quebec and points east.”
“Stude” returning from McGill-
Varsity game: “I wanna train for
Toronna—don’t give a dam whish
way she points.”

Two Meds, returning from some-
where, passing a residence where one
of the occupants has forgotten the
conventional use of a window blind:
“That girl’s not a bit shy, is she?”
“Well—not exactly—but she’s cer-
tainly retiring.

Applied Shakespeare—Uneasy lies
the head that wears a crown.

—Dental-Note.

ODE TO SPRING—*And All That*

Daffydil Night now over. The next big event in the life of the undergraduate is "Spring." With all due acknowledgments to someone—we know not whom nor where—we take the liberty of publishing this:

Er-Spring!

You perfectly priceless old thing!

I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that one sees,

The jolly old sap in the topping old trees;

The priceless old lilac, and that sort of rot,

It jolly well cheers a chap up, does it not?

It's so fearfully bright,

So amazingly right,

And one feels as one feels if one's got rather tight.

There's a tang in the air,

If you know what I mean,

And the grass, as it were,

Is so frightfully green.

We shall soon have the jolly old bee on the wing.

Er--Spring!

Old fruit!

You've given old Winter the boot.

The voice of the tailor is heard in the land

(I wonder what my rotten credit will stand).

And the birds and the flow'rs (but especially the birds)

Will be looking too perfectly priceless for words.

We shall have to get stocks

Of new ties and new socks,

And of course we must alter the jolly old clocks,

So a young fellow's fancy turns naturally towards

The river and Nancy, or Betty and Lord's.

In fact—as I said—you're a priceless old thing.

Er—Spring—

Old Bean!

It's—well, it's—you know what I mean—

It's time I was oiling the jolly old car

And hitting the high spots both near and far,

The theme of this jolly old song that I sing,

Is—er—jolly old Spring!

SWIPED.



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